

The Tragedie

By this one bloudie trial of sharpewarre.

1. *Lor.* Euery mans conscience is a thousand swords
To fight against that bloudie homicide.

2. *Lor.* I doubt not but his friends will flie to vs.

3. *Lor.* He hath no friends, but who are friends for feare,
Which in his greatest need will shrink from him.

Rich. All for our vantage, then in Gods name march,
True hope is swift, and flies with swallowes wings,
Kings it make Gods, and meaner creatures kings.

Enter K. Richard, Norff. Ratcliffe, Catesby, with others.

King. Here pitch our tents, euen here in Bolworth field,
Why how now Catesby, why lookest thou so sad?

Cat. My heart is ten times lighter then my lookes.

King. Norfolke, come hither:

Norfolke, we must haue knockes, ha, must we not?

Nor. We must both giue and take, my gracious Lord,

King. Vp with my tent there, here will I lye to night,
But where to morrow? well all is one for that:
Who hath descried the number of the foe?

Nor. Sixe or seuen thousand is their greatest number.

King. Why our battailon trebels that account,
Besides, the kings name is a tower of strength,
Which they vpon the aduerse partie want:

Vp with my tent there, valiant gentlemen,

Let vs suruey the vantage of the field,

Call for some men of sound direction,

Lets want no discipline, make no delay,

For Lords, to morrow is a busie day.

Exeunt.

Enter Richmond with the Lords.

Rich. The weary Sunne hath made a golden seate,
And by the bright tracke of his fierie Carre,
Giues signall of a goodly day to morrow:
Where is sir William Brandon, he shall beare my standerd,
The Earle of Pembroke keepe his regiment,
Good captaine Blunt, beare my good night to him,
And by the second-houre in the morning,
Desire the Earle to see me in my tent,
Yet one thing more, good Blunt before thou goest-
Where is Lord Stanly quarterd, dost thou know?

Blunt. Vnles I haue mistane his coloure much

Richard t

Which well I am assur'd I haue
His regiment liet halfe a mile
South from the mightie pow

Rich. If without perill it be
Good captaine Blunt beare my
And giue him from me, this n

Blunt. Vpon my life my Lo

Rich. Farewell good Blunt,
Giue me some Inke and paper
He draw the forme and modle
Limit each leader to his seuerall
And part in iust proportion ou
Come, let vs consult vpon to n
In to our tent, the aire is rawe a

Enter K. Richard, J

King. What is a clocke?

Cat. It is six of the clocke, fr

King. I will not sup to night
What, is my beuer easier then
And all my armor laid into my

Cat. It is my liege, and all th

King. Good Norfolke, hie
Vse carefull watch, chuse trustie

Nor. I goe my Lord.

King. Stur with the Larke to

Nor. I warrant you my Lord

King. Catesbie.

Rat. My Lord.

King. Send out a Pursuant
To Stanelys regiment, bid him
Before Sun rising, least his sonn
Into the blinde caue of eternall
Fill me a bowle of wine, giue me
Saddle white Surrey for the field
Looke that my staues be sound

Rat. My Lord.

King. Sawest thou the melar

Rat. Thomas the Earle of Su
Much about Cockshut time, fro